

mead

REFLECTIONS
JANUARY 1998

~~SCRIBBLING DRAUGHTS~~



JULY 1997
JAN 1998

GRAD

100 sheets
composition book

PAUL REAULT

RAW REALITY

— A S F —
(Mad Daddy Drives a U.F.O.)

RAW REALITY

(as opposed to "The Hunt Reality")

"Now I just can't identify
with this world so I don't try.
Square pegs don't fit in round holes."

1. Forfeiture of Position with the ASF
(Mad Daddy Drives a U.F.O.)
2. Moving from Tent House back to Mom's basement
3. Getting unemployment benefits
4. Going to AA but using AVRT of RRS
5. Preservation of Mental Freedom
6. "Looking For Work" / Waiting for Training
7. Don't Look Now But You're About To Be Sentenced.

RAW REALITY

(as opposed to "The Great Reality")

24 December 1997... January 1998

1. Forfeiture of Portion with the State
2. Moving from Turk House back to Mon's basement
3. Getting Unemployment benefits
4. Going to AA but using AVRT of RRS
5. Preservation of Mental Freedom
6. "Looking For Work" / Waiting For Training
7. Don't Look Now But You're About To Be Sentenced...

1997 12 24 WE [1630] As I look around this land surrounding the Turk House, I take notice of the shop, the barns, the trucks. I realize I do not fit in here anyway. I am finding myself relieved to be moving into Mom's basement. It will take much work and energy to move. I will have to leave much behind. The State has become an enemy. I do not want to remain in its web. I do not want to be a tenant here.

Much has transpired since July 13th. My entire life has changed. I was in the county jail from 7/14 to 11/20 (see The Monmouth County Jail Writings Pads #1 - #12). I was in a rehab in Verona NJ called Turning Point (see Reflections Upon My Inner Condition → TURNING POINT). I have been fired from State service, and I am in the process of ~~now~~ preparing to move back to 152 Stokes Street to live in my mother's basement.

For the next couple days I will be visiting relatives for Christmas. I am grateful to be out of jail. As soon as I return on 12/27 Sat., I will continue washing clothes and putting things in boxes. A new era of my life has begun!

This is not a joyous time. I am not leaving the park by my own choice, but instead I am being removed by the Department of Labor for having plead guilty to a 3rd degree crime - eluding a law enforcement officer.

At least I have no wife or children. At least I am a lone man who can camp out in his Mom's basement. I don't need to live in a house the size of the Turk House.

Moving out of the Turk House is the first order of business. It will be a relief to be finished with this place. My next order of business is ~~my~~ the absence of income. If unemployment turns me down, I will have to put my nose to the grindstone.

Unlike the many faces I have encountered in the Parks Service, who are enslaved by their employment, I have just been set free. I have a great fear that unemployment will reject me on the grounds of "misconduct", even though I did not get arrested at work. What will I do then? I really don't know at this point.

1997
I have many memories of my five years in this house, some happy, some painful, some shameful. The time has come for me to leave here. The only way I would have stayed for many years would be to have remained an employee here at MBSP for many years. It would have been very difficult to leave any other way. I am being forced to grow. For all I know, I may die in my sleep sometime soon. I refuse to worry about my financial insecurity. I am a single man with no dependents. How hard could it be to survive especially being I am abstaining from drugs and alcohol? Perhaps it is all written in the stars. I will try to relax. Security is absurd. I am grateful that I am handling everything in a calm, philosophic manner. I am grateful to be eating ham at my mother's tonight. Since I have gotten home, I have not been feeding myself at all but for bananas, cereal, and oranges. I am an ape. I find great peace in being an ape. There is no need to be ambitious. The less I want, the more peaceful is my mind.

12/24

I think the reason I am handling the arrest / loss of job / loss of house so well, so philosophically is because I have no control over the situation. What good would it do to become upset? I may be right back where I started from back in 1989 before I was hired at Cheesequake, but I have had experiences in the processes that have shaped my character.

Living in the Tark House with Sherry Nevulis was possibly the most blissful time in my life. I not only cherish the joy I experienced, but I also cherish the knowledge I gained in living with all the turmoil involved with a sexual relationship not based on firm ground. I will be cautious before venturing into such living conditions again.

These last days in the Tark House, after being gone 5 months, are precious moments. I am a ghost. My presence was the center, and it is passing through as an after thought. I have experienced much pain here. The nightmare is over. My presence will haunt this house.

1997 12 25 TH CHRISTMAS DAY [0000] I ate dinner with Mom and Dad then Mom and I went to mass. We met Tami, Joe, Joe, Ashley, Janine over at St. Mary's in Colts Neck. I am listening to Barrie's © 1997 release "I'm Afraid of Americans". It is un-American.

I had a message on my machine from Nancy Gahn. She said she was horrified by my message that I had been fired. She sounded as though she was crying or about to cry when she told me "If I don't talk to you tonight, 'have a good Christmas.'"

Life is like a movie, a saga. I am handling this being railroaded with dignity. This house is so warm, so spacious. Mom's basement is ice cold with very limited space. I will barely fit bed, sofa, dresser, coffee table, stereo, TV, desk, computer, and shelves down there. When I get the last of what I can fit down there, I will be history. I really don't care about what I will be leaving behind: 4 sofas, recliner, chairs, shelves, tables, beds, and who knows what else. Nancy Gahn will miss me. I am a strong presence here even with my being crucified. In fact, now each employee knows where they stand.

15/51
I am in limbo, a bardo stage. If I pull the truck to the front door, I can move most of the furniture myself (desk, bed, sofa, shelves, coffee tables, computer, stereo, and even the dresser). I may need a hand with the refrigerator, washer, dryer, and one closet/dresser.

Once I get this stuff into "the cave", I will gather whatever else I can put into boxes. Depending on when I sell the drums, I will decide what to do with them. I will have broken down the platform by Sunday. The house is a mess. When I finally get my laundry done and the books in boxes, I will go around with a trash can and dispose of "junk" before boxing up the "desk stuff" and "kitchen stuff".

Will this process be sad? I know if Nancy comes by while I am packing up, she will be devastated. The reason I want to get out of here as soon as possible is because I don't want to have to owe the fucking state rent. I also don't really want to be where I am not wanted. What a set back this has been, getting arrested. I have lost my independence. I never owned this house. I was just visiting.

12/25

As I have said before, I miss Sherry and the dogs. Maybe when I am in Mom's basement - THE CAVE - I will fully realize the full impact of "losing the house".

I cannot allow ~~my~~ myself to feel as though I have lost anything. The house was merely a place for me to live.

I will discover peace in writing my notes in the cave. At least I will no longer be owned by the house.

I will still be me. There are things that cannot be taken from me. I will have all my books, all my writings, the computer, my music, my video equipment.

When I want to walk, I can head out to Beltaire farm or even back here where the Tank House is. Even with the job with the park, even with the house, I was in no position to get married and raise children. I simply did not earn enough.

Although I will earn even less now, my position will be so humble (living in a basement) that I will be more grounded in Raw Reality. I will accept life as it is.

I cannot bring myself to cry upon realizing that I am at once being removed from the park service and the Turk House. I truly did not enjoy working under Jim Noe and beside Claude Desjardins and Bill Albert. I will not miss the tractor. I will not miss the people in the Region Office. I will not miss all the rooms I never used in the house. I will not miss being a slave to Trenton. What will I miss? I will not miss much.

My paychecks evaporated anyway. I will get by on less. I will humbly crawl down into the basement and behold a little sanctuary. I am virtually homeless were it not for that basement. My books will line the walls. The only real downside will be that I will not be able to take refuge from my mother. I have been on my own for 5 years, but with my current dilemma, I have no one to turn to but my mother. I am thankful for her support.

The time has come to accept reality. The time has come to think about going for that associates degree in Computer Science.

Perhaps my inner life will grow richer even as my daily life becomes more of a struggle. Each of us has to live life inside our own skins.

12/25 TH CHRISTMAS DAY [1145] This is such a strange position to be in. I cannot magically move into "the cave". It is Christmas week. I have to wait. Besides, as mentioned already, there is much preparation involved before the actual moving of the furniture. I was merely a caretaker here. In reality, I lost my mind out here. A survivor until the end, I will retreat into the basement on 152 Stokes Street and keep my head together.

I will be rational. It was an incredible blessing to be housed in the Turk House these past 5 years, and it would have been nearly impossible to drag myself from this position. I would have had to leave here eventually. If it is "written in the stars", this is an opportunity for me to crawl into that basement and study Computer Science and Mathematics. I will practice humility in the work force for I have been spoiled in this "cush" job for 8 years.

Both my father and I are survivors. My entire family struggles. The planet is filled with struggling life forms. I certainly do not have the fortune left to Schopenhauer. What is my role?

By 1300 I will be heading down to South Jersey with my mom to visit the Weber Clan for Christmas. I want to copy a quote from Albert Ellis:

"The main diagnosis of what most humans are is fucking babies. Because they will not accept the reality that nobody truly gives that much of a shit for them all their lives. People just don't because they're mainly interested in their own navel. Practically all of them. So they don't care for each other that much. But they think they need others to care devoutly for them."

Why should something as abstract as the State government care about me? As soon as I get it through my head that people generally are too worried about their own problems to care anything about me, the sooner I will accept life the way it is. I cannot agree with those who claim my being removed from my position with the State Parks Service is HORRIBLE. It is merely INCONVENIENT. It is inconvenient for me to move my belongings. It is inconvenient for me to live in a little basement. It certainly will not kill me. Life forces us to GROW.

12/25

Today, while at the Bent's a piece of my tooth fell off. Surprisingly I am not very upset. I am thankful the nerve is not exposed.

It is good to have a clear mind these last days in the Tark House. When I was thrown in jail I was torn from "my home". Coming back only to find out I have been terminated, I am only camping out here until I have the opportunity to move my belongings out.

This is but a memory. I am glad I am the one to choose what gets moved to Mom's basement and what gets left to the rats. I am almost finished the laundry. Tomorrow I box up my books. This weekend I box up all that I want to take. I am really looking forward to moving out. I will really miss this house. I loved it out here! I have not cried yet. I always knew I was just passing through. This house was a trap that enslaved me. Ironically, even though my removal is a punishment for criminal behavior, to detach from this place is a blessing!

1997 12 26 FR [0115] When around family - especially extended family I get caught in the work ethic trap. "What do you do for a living? Do you have a trade? a skill?" What I truly am is a philosopher. If I were homeless in a shelter I would still be a philosopher. Do you hear me you future readers?

I am not writing to those who are concerned with the work ethic. I am writing to those who somehow find a place ~~to~~ ~~to~~ ~~to~~ to rest their heads. Get something to put in the pot. Somehow.

I cannot lie to myself. Even though I "SHOULD" feel depressed about leaving this big house, even though I "SHOULD" feel upset about being unemployed, as a writer, I am actually relieved.

The State practically owned I me.

I cannot fake I feelings I just don't feel even if I am amazed at their absence! I honestly will not miss working for the State Park Service.

As people say, "been there, done that" I would like small living quarters just the same, thank you. I will get by. I am free.

12/26

Very much is Sherry Nevulis on my mind and in my heart! She was the best thing to happen to me here at Monmouth Battlefield State Park! This boat is sinking...

I am getting sentimental. I will miss having my own kitchen. Putting my cooking in boxes causes me pain. It brings back memories of when I first moved in here, when Miss Sherry Nevulis and I were "playing house."

This has been a fool's paradise, just as my entire employment with the New Jersey State Parks Service has been a fool's paradise.

I know I will easily adapt to living in Mom's Basement, and I know "the show must go on", but tonight I cannot deny myself a tender moment or two.

I would hope the people working for the park will miss me, but that really doesn't matter now. I have no choice but to leave this fool's paradise and never look back.

"I can fly, my friend. The show must go on. I'll face it with a grin! I'm never giving in! On with the show. I have to find the will to carry on..." Queen

1997 12 27 SA [1100] I had a heavy dream with Sherry. It must have been a reaction to the strong emotions I experiences while looking at pictures of us and the dogs. I was packing up books when I came across photo albums.

In the dream Sherry was dressed in sexy panties, laying on a bed with me. She was just out of a relationship. The x was stalking her. I wanted to dive into her. Did I? Something held me back.

I wake up to an ice cold house. I had to go down into the basement to hit the reset button on the furnace. Today I will just remove the contents of my desks, and then I go go around the house trashing junk. It is time to start over.

Snow is expected today, and then again on Monday. I hope I can still work with my Dad. The Weber Clan thinks I should learn my fathers trade. I guess that is always an option.

I am grateful I will have Jey to help me Wednesday afternoon. I want to get my ass in gear prepping, breaking things down, boxing things up, trashing things. I will be so relieved to be situated in my new abode.

12/27

Reality is what it is. I cannot make reality anything other than it is, and yet I do exercise great control over my attitude and how I respond to my environment. Instead of experiencing leaving the Tark House as something "awful", I have the power to make this a liberating experience. I dreamt of Sherry Nevulis last night because she was the main reason I wanted to live here.

This house ~~was~~ had an effect on my ego. I began to see myself as some kind of big shot. As I said yesterday, I was living in a fool's paradise. In fact, I will refer to the years in the Tark House at MBSP as The Fools Paradise Years.

Now. If I could just motivate myself.

DO: BOX DESK STUFF, THROW AWAY ALL JUNK, BOX/BAG RECORDS.
BREAK DOWN COMPUTER DESK, BREAK DOWN COMPUTER,
BOX UP KITCHEN STUFF, BUST UP PLATFORM,
BREAK DOWN STEREO AFTER BAGGING CLOTHES.

It looks simple on paper. Perhaps one step at a time I will enjoy the process. Change is exciting. Being fired is a blessing in disguise. That basement is going to be packed! I am running out of here as fast as I can! NEVER LOOK BACK!

[1700] All day non stop I broke down disks on all floors; I even made it to the upstairs closets and the attic! There are so many boxes that the boxes themselves will barely fit in the basement!

Now I will take a break, a long break. I will shower and bag up some clothes. The dumpster is full so I have to wait until it is emptied before I start bring the bags of junk out.

So what's left? I still have to box things up from the second floor. I still have to go through junk in downstairs bedroom and den. I still have to go through the garage! Later tonight I will organize and box LP's and VER tapes. I am gaining on it.

This move is going to be exhausting! I will have to store Kitchen stuff in Mom's attic. I may even have to come back Thursday, the first day of 1998 to finish the clean up. I don't know how

all this will fit in Mom's Basement. I will have to move the furniture in first before transporting books, lps, stereo equipment, and computer. Before taking a break, I will write a LIST while it is all fresh in my mind.

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85/51
[0845] I dreamt that I was being brought to court to go back to jail. Connie from McDonalds was getting the authorities to put me back in jail for not "working". I saw many rangers and police officers. I also saw Anthony Simone from Cheesecake looking on in sympathy.

People I talk to think I should be working with my dad, learning his trade. Although I am grateful for the opportunity, I also want to see what happens with my education in Computer Science. I will take life one day at a time. This coming week is packed. I am anxious to talk to my probation officer to see what will be expected of me. Whether or not I get unemployment will determine my next move concerning my education. So much remains to be seen. This is life.

Perhaps my mother's ~~room~~ tenant will move out soon after I move into the basement. This will put pressure on me to have to help Mom with the mortgage. I can only handle the present moment. I have more work to do in the house. I will take it slow.

12/28

Oh well, I wasn't earning any money in jail, so I really can't complain. The problem with the VW is hopefully a broken hose. It will be a little challenge to repair it. As soon as I repair it, I will move it to where it has to go. For now, I am not even looking for a job. I have enough to contend with the tasks at hand. Even if I have to rent a truck again on Friday (01.02.98), I can get to the VW over the weekend. How will I get to the parts store? Perhaps FRIDAY would be better so that I could walk to the Volkswagen dealer. I will take it all in stride.

I will rely on "God's Providence" for the time being. Time seems to be moving very fast. I will have to be quick about the shower. The most difficult part of any journey is getting out the front door! I really don't mind this "latest bump in the road". It is the ancient TRICKSTER reminding me to have a sense of humour. The Trickster says, "Come on Mickey boy; be a sport!"

2230
The way the steam was coming from the engine, one would think the car had serious problems. I hope it is just a hose. Really the Truckster struck when I was possessed by an angry spirit and drove down Main Street screaming "The fucking jews are robbing us blind!"

My life would ~~never~~ be altered forever from that point forward. The story is only now unfolding before my eyes. Alas, I do have

08), a sense of humor. Alas, I am a good sport. Eternity is only time enough for a quick joke. It is not enough time to take a shower and

still be able to walk down to Nancy Mahris residence for dinner by 1800. I will shower when I get home.

Now, aren't I much more relaxed after having decided to postpone my shower?

Now, about the Truckster, I can try to outsmart these setbacks. Being arrested, convicted of eluding the police, losing my job, losing my house, and possibly losing my drivers license, how can car troubles really

get under my skin? I am numb by now. I want to become a holy fool wise enough to not take himself or the world too seriously.

12/28

I want to learn how to laugh at myself!
I understand higher mathematics and
the philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer,
but I am baffled by hunger,
pains first thing in the morning!
This is humorous. At least

I can enjoy a good laugh when
the joke is on me anyway!

Ah, to be a holy fool rather than
a clever merchant! I would not
fare well with the money changers. I
am going to see how far I
can go with this joblessness.

I may have just sabotaged
my job, and in the process,
freed myself from a trap that
had no cheese in the first place!

Even though I am only 30 years
old and even though people in AA
or even the business world would advise
me to listen, I will be writing
many of my insights in my notebooks.
I will be writing as though I
were a teacher, but I am really
letting the universe speak TO me THROUGH
me. The way I respond to events
is my Quality. The events (job, loss of job,
loss of house, car problems) do not control my
reactions. My attitude is central. GOTTA GO —

[2230]

I was over at Nancy Gahr's longer than I expected, but it was enjoyable speaking about the state of the State Parks Service in New Jersey. She understands why I would want to move onto something better. The way "The Webers" are pushing for me to learn my father's trade makes me even more motivated to get my Associates Degree in Computer Science.

I understand things that the lot of them simply cannot grasp. Tomorrow I most likely will be working with Dad. He will pick me up at 0900. I will start to box up the kitchen stuff, but I do want to read before crashing.

I know I will be cozy in the basement on Stokes Street, but my mother's tenant - Donna - is not happy at all about it. She told her she's not going to deal with it. She gave my mother one month's notice. She does not like the idea of a male being in the house. She can't go around in her panties. No one wants to see her in her panties anyway. This will put pressure on Mom, and most likely will influence me in a round about way. I was there in the basement when she moved in. I will be there in the basement when she leaves. 5 years goes by fast!

12/29

[1900]

The rain pours down in buckets. The desk is taken apart, the platform broken down. My brother-in-law will pick up the wood along with a bed, a stereo, an AC unit, and some shelves. I hope he gets the stuff Tuesday night.

All that is left to do before Wednesday morning is to break down bed, break down computer, and break down audio/video equipment. After the move when I come back to take a look at and hopefully move the VW, I can clean the attic and the garage. I am not so devastated leaving this house as one might expect. I will survive. It will not kill me to live in Mom's basement; in fact, living there will keep me alive. I will possess a sense of well-being.

Now I will walk some platform debris and garbage to the dumpster in the rain. Afterwards I will shower, enjoy some hot tea, and rest on the sofa reading *The Joy of Not Working*. Now that Mom's tenant has announced she is moving out, Mom will be a nervous wreck. I have nowhere else to go. I am worse off than my Dad as I have no trade. Lack of paper (\$) is my dilemma.



[2045] While I was dragging debris to the dumpster in the heavy downpour that was supposed to be a snow storm, I was not bothered by the cold rain. I had rain gear on, yes, but there was also a mystical sensation as though I were being baptized and cleansed. The spirits of the woods and fields were and are with me. I became thankful to have been here on this hallowed ground for this time in my life. I have aged here. I am not the same being I was when I first peddled my bicycle down this road back in the summer of 1989, age 22. After I was done hauling, I took my hood off and let the ice cold waters rain down on my head. I approached and touched the 2 giant grandfather trees next to the shop. When I approached the beautiful tree behind the house where I used to tie Sparkle the Husky, I shed tears. I moaned knowing I would miss these blessed trees. I would return one day, not as a state employee, but as a creature, as a being. I am as much connected to these woods as the local deer and foxes. When I entered the house, I slowly stripped my body of the soaking wet clothes. As I lie naked sitting on the sofa

there was a great flash of light. I had the lights dim so the effect was intense. If the stereo was on land, and the lights were bright, I would have missed it. Then there was thunder! Thunder in the end of December! Could it be the presence/spirits ~~behind~~ of the universe responding to my walking in a sacred manner?

Could I truly have communicated to the Tree People when I bid them goodbye in the rain? Breaking down the drum platform was significant. It is strange that the entire week before my arrest I spent sleeping in a tent outside the house. Away from the house for 5 months I longed to return. When I finally arrived back in Freehold, it was only to discover that I was being removed from state service. Some homecoming. My return was not really a return, but merely a final stage in leaving for good. I ~~am~~ have been living in the house these two weeks solely to throw away debris and collect my belongings for my final departure from MBSP. For whatever reason, I have to return to Mom's basement.

When I break down the bed tomorrow and especially when I carefully disassemble the stereo components from the receiver, I will know the end has come. When I lay my head down New Year Eve I will enter a new phase of my life. When my eyes close, I enter the same realm I would enter were I in the Turk House. I truly believe that I will experience great inner peace as I realize my individuality cannot be harmed through being fired from a job.

I do not curse this house; I do not curse the park lands. I make peace with the people here and I move on. I am being fired because I plead guilty to eluding the police. I was deranged that day. "The Spirits" know the story. I have had enough. It is time for me to leave here.

I will still be living in my creature skin. Not much will change as far as the basic nature of existence goes. I will hide away in the basement of 152 Stokes Street. I will take pleasure in peacefully reading books from my personal library. I am an experiment. I do not need to understand why things are as they are. I accept that I don't know what will become of me.

1998 01 01 TH [0945] Joe (MM) helped me with 2 truck loads of heavy furniture stuff from 1030 to 1530. I continued with a second 2 truck loads alone until 2115 when I went directly to Jack Nicholson's As Good As It Gets. As we walked in the theater, we found 3 seats hidden in the corner. As we sat down, the film was just starting! What SYNCHRONICITY! When the movie was over, as soon as it was over, it was MIDNIGHT - the new year. These synchronicities give me a sense of the presence of a greater reality behind the scenes of this raw reality.

Another 'synchronistic' event ~~was~~ occurred while I was carrying a heavy (very heavy) box down the basement stairs. I could feel the bottom coming apart so I was very careful holding the box together, but as I was passing under the painted runes, the box almost came apart. Two runes slipped through the cracks! This box happened to have my stone runes in it, and the runes ~~A~~ and R fell out just as I passed under the painted runes on the ceiling on the way down to my Hole in the Ground.

Although I was able to get my STUFF
over to 152 Stokes Street yesterday,
and although I was awake until 0330
putting together the desk I know
write upon, putting together
stereo equipment, etc, I still
have an incredible task before me.

Clothes and books are piled to the
ceiling. Somehow I will organize this.

Soon I will be heading
out to return the VAN. The
guy is off for the holiday. I will
have to track him down
to get my deposit. I gave him
\$150 - subtract 20, 15, 10, 5 -
he owes me \$100.

I shall adapt. I know I
will become stronger, a more noble
character. I want to become
a better man. I used to keep
the house warmed to 70°F in the
Tark House. I did not pay
utilities. "The State" paid utilities.
Now, I brought a thermostat
along with me. Unless this thing is
broken, it is 48°F down here.
It must be broken. It feels at least 55!
Funny. It is life blood warm in
comparison to the arctic winds outside!

[2000] Momentarily I will be heading to the market place with my mother. I am age 30 and she 55. We make an odd pair because she looks about 42. No one would believe she were her actual age. What concern is it of mine what people think or if they even think at all?

The way I feel right now, I am beginning to enjoy this part of the story. As I for Paul Sedor and his "State Park Service" it is quite symbolic that he was both PAUL SEDOR [1989 CSP superintendant] as well as PAUL SEDOR [1997 Region II Regional Superintendant]. He hired me, and he was the mouthpiece for the state sending down the words from the higher members of this Planet of the Apes. This is what is essential to remember. These are baboons in a kangaroo court I am dealing with. They take their 3 ring circus very seriously. I cannot be angry with Paul Sedor. After all, he and Jim Wiles did confess to me that they both believed I could be serving society with my mind instead of being a janitor in a park. I will hold my head up high. I may become a significant member in our world yet. After all, I am writing down the bones.

1998 01 03 SA [0040] I spent \$70.00 on groceries
and brought Forest the cat to 152 Stokes Street.
I have him down here in the basement.
I will allow him to get used to the basement
before giving him access to the rest of the
town house. He is purring after only being
here one hour. I am happy to have
him with me - I am grateful Sherry's mom,
Lil, gave him to us back in 1995. I
have had Forest since he was 10 weeks
old. He is my only link to my life
with Sherry and the dogs, Ginger and
Sparkle, not to mention the Tark House
and Monmouth Battlefield State Park.
I never thought that pleading guilty
to ELUDING would give the state
cause to remove me from service,
but now that it is over with, I
am enjoying time away from the hassles
of reporting to a job. I
know I will have to ~~soon~~
find some kind of work, but I
realize that were I financially
independent like Arthur Schopenhauer was
after his father's suicide, I would
use my life to study the meaning
of it all. Tomorrow I will walk
to the Tark House to see what I can
do about the VW.

[1616]

This morning I made an entry in "The Last Hardcore Diary", N - I mention it on July 7th - on the first page of this notebook. That book, N, has entries of confusion and ambivalence concerning my active addiction to chemicals. I will continue to make

entries in it when changes occur in my life. I walked over to the Tark House to see if I could find the problem with my VW. I removed the curved U-shaped house towards the firewall. I hope this was the cause of the leakage. I walked to the VW dealer and ordered the part VWN049121063L. They said it will be in Thursday or Friday. I may have to wait until next weekend to fix and transport my VW to my sister's house.

Now I can relax without guilt. I am waiting for a hose for my VW from the dealer. All my stuff is moved and situated in my new dwelling place. I have some food supplies. I can afford to lay on the sofa, relax, and read.

My goals besides getting unemployment are to participate in Job Placement. I want a job where I can utilize and exercise my math skills and my other higher mental faculties. In the meantime, I am handling joblessness very well!

01/03

[2000] At 4PM I fell asleep on my bed with the electric blanket on high. I slept until Mom got home from work. It is extremely cold in the basement, at best 50°F. I want to check the Tank House to see if I still have those electric heaters. If not, I will check over at the shop as /and over at the park office. I remember lending one to Joan and Sharon. If they forgot and think they belong to the park, I will have to buy another one. As it is I have 2 thermal shirts and a heavy sweatshirt on! It beats being in the county jail or on the street.

It really is a relief to have Mom cooking dinner for me. I eat bananas all day because I am too lazy to make a sandwich or cook eggs. I have to admit that as long as I am without a female companion, I am better off living with my Mom than being in that big old house at the park. If I were to "hook up" with a female, she would have to accept my situation. For the time being, it is not a problem. In fact, more than ever I want to become a computer programmer.

[2330]

After the AA meeting on Gibson place Mom and I stopped by the Tank House to look for the space heaters. They both were right where I thought they might be - in the downstairs den closet. Without furniture, in the dark night all the way down that long road, the old house seemed creepy. Although I was comfortable living out there, now that I am not there, the house itself is spooky. My presence made it my home, just as my presence here in Mom's basement has made it my home.

I hooked up one heater under my desk by my feet and another heater on a stand next to the sofa. I will leave them on only when I am down here. Whenever I leave I will make sure to turn them off. I feel intelligent. I am an intelligent life form who adapts to its environment. I have quickly and swiftly transformed this basement into a very comfortable apartment.

I have wires and extension cords and power chords/straps all over the basement. Every electrical outlet is utilized. I have audio/video equipment galore, computer, coffee maker, special lighting, cordless phone / speaker phone, answering machine, electric blanket, and now the space heaters. I have made this my home.

01/03

Often I think that the world is not what it seems to be. I may not be what I appear to be. By freezing my experiences in language I can unfreeze them and thereby utilize nervous systems centuries away. I can reach future nervous systems long after I am dead. That is where life is not what it seems to be.

What life seems to be is here I sit eating grapes with a space heater pushing hot air on my legs.

Meanwhile there are homeless people living in abandoned buildings without access to electricity or running water. Will their experiences of their conditions ever be verbalized, frozen to be unlocked centuries later? I often feel superficial for desiring recognition for my math skills or my philosophical knowledge when I reflect upon the people living on the outside of modern civilization, living amongst Mercedes Benzes and restaurants, picking through dumpsters for edibles. How ugly those of us fortunate enough to have families and homes must appear to these outcasts.

1998 01 04 SU [1300] I awoke by 11AM. I have the tendency to sleep late, especially down here in the basement where it is dark. There is no sunshine to greet my eyes.

Down here, as on the dark side of the moon, darkness reigns.

I may walk over to my sister to see if my nephew wants to shoot some hoops. I may walk over to Chuck Sany to say hello/goodbye and to drop off his keys. I have had the keys to his house for several years.

I filled out the application for Brookdale - a maintenance position. I hope to be able to work my hours around the bus schedule. As I expect to lose my license, I am relaxed. As long as I remember that jail cell, just holding my special pen in my hand brings me great joy and gratitude. I am the present moment. My inner condition is the only reality.

Whatever I end up doing today, I will be walking. I want to go outside for it is beautiful out. There is no need to prove myself. I am ✓. I am the Universe itself.

1998 01 05 MO [1610] Again I awoke late in the morning, even though I fell asleep around 8:30 PM. I must have been exhausted from moving my things from the Tank House to this basement. I even hate to write "the Tank House". It is no big deal to me, that house. I do not care that it would have been ideal to live there with a young woman. BEEN THERE, DONE THAT. I went to an AA meeting at noon, saw Wayne D - he had heard about my being arrested. I wonder who else has heard of my arrest. I wonder if I have a reputation for being anti-Semites. After the meeting I had lunch at the Greasy Spoon diner, then I went by the Monmouth County jail to get my \$14.58 from my account. It was strange to be on the premises. No matter how I feel about being unemployed, when I am honest with myself, I am very grateful to have my physical body out of that institution. I have access to my books, my chairs, my stereo/TV, my own coffee pot, my computer, and the freedom to WALK wherever my legs might take me. I am still waiting for a dial tone down here.

With the fresh cut I felt like a millionaire as I made my way to the Barnes and Noble. I found ~~that~~ the book Anyan Christ about Carl Jung's anti-Semitism to be great browsing material. More than ever I know I am on the right path seeking the spirits of my ancestors instead of following the all too civilized religions of Judeo-Christianity. I realize that even though I am not a public figure like Carl Jung was in Europe back in the early 1900's, I am a thinker just the same. My complaints about the urbanization of our society by the influence of "the city people" have correlations with my psychic-ancestral evolution. I find many reasons to remain vigilantly protective of my pagan tendencies. With or without a beard, with long hair or with short, my presence shines through. I am I! On the way back from the Barnes and Noble, I walked through the old Beltair property, unnoted where my old dog Baron and I used to run, visited the tree marked "MIKE HENTRICH LOVES EARTH", and realized that in no way can the State weaken my connectedness to the old gods and spirits, to the trees, the sky, the sun!

As in 1986 when I wrote in notebooks I called "Books of Wonder", I am still a vessel for Abraxas. I am not new to this. Truly I have been a priest of an underground religion for many years now. I am one of the prophets of the Unconscious Forces that will continue to challenge the assumed authority of civilization, be these authorities be governments or institutionalized religions.

There really is no way of keeping these reflections on the "back burner" as the very fabric of reality is in my veins and sinews, in my thought processes and worldview.

I received notice of benefit determination from the NJ Department of Labor, Unemployment Insurance Office. It looks as though I may very well receive money from unemployment! I will believe it when I have the check in my hands.

I may be getting \$329.00 per week. This would take much pressure off me. I hope the Unemployment Office is also able to help me receive education in Computer Science. No matter where I end up being placed as a worker in the community, I understand that my presence is not what it appears to be, that I am some kind of Presence of Mind from beyond. Within an hour, I walk into town for an aftercare session.

1998.01.07

Let us see if civilization, our current local government, has changed since the days of the feudal system.

Definitions:

felony - under the feudal system, an offense committed by a vassal (subordinate, subject, servant, slave) the penalty for which was forfeiture of fief (land held in return for service).

In ~~common law~~ modern usage, a major crime, as murder, arson, rape, etc., for which statute provides a greater punishment than for a misdemeanor. In many states of the United States, FELONY is defined by statute as including all crimes which are punishable by death or imprisonment in the state prison... Many crimes which were not felonies at common law are made so by statute, being either expressly declared to be so, or such a penalty being attached to them as to bring them within the meaning of the term.

And so I am a felon in the eyes of the abstract State. What is a felon by definition?

felon - traitorous, disloyal
a wicked person, traitor, rebel

a person who has committed a felony, (criminal)

And there we have it. I have not committed murder, rape, nor arson. I failed to stop for the baboon pigs.

01 ⁰ 07

70.10.8991

And the State, half-witted as it is, really believes it is punishing me by the forfeiture of my position and residence.

I am not only denied residence, pay, and benefits, I am no longer obligated to serve these bastards!

There is no longer any reason for me to rebel. I had become

an angry slave for I knew my knowledge of mathematics was being wasted. I knew myself to be

more intelligent than most of the officials and dignitaries in the administration. I was a

time bomb. As for my fellow-slaves

working by my side, the situation was laughable. Surely my comrades

possessed the skills pertinent to their ~~tasks~~ positions, but I seemed to have certain skills and talents that found no purpose in the scope of my employment.

The paradox, at least on the local level of administration of the park, is that the highest levels of State Government are punishing me by forfeiture, whereas the local administration of the bureau of parks can see clearly a state slave is being liberated.

[1610]

It looks as though I will be getting my first unemployment check in the amount of \$280 by the end of the week. I will fix and move my VW, but I do not want to pay for insurance just yet. What do I really need a car for at this point? I got a call from my attorney, Jim Fagen. I have to see an Alie Lyons for a pre ~~trial~~ sentencing interview tomorrow at 0900. I am to go before Judge Le Broque for sentencing on January 23rd. Apparently this will simply be a matter of showing proof that I completed a program. The terms of my probation will be drawn up. I will see if I can get some kind of letter from New Hope explaining that I am participating in Aftercare sessions. It is only after I am sentenced, and the traffic violations get kicked back to the Municipal Court can I even begin to wonder when/if I will lose my drivers license. Now I understand why there was no paperwork on me at the probation office. I am actually not on probation yet. I am in LIMBO. I am not worried about January 23rd. I am happy about my potential!

[1830]

I am a little nervous about tomorrow. Perhaps Alice Lyons will ease my mind by filling me in on what will transpire on January 23rd.

Besides working on and moving my fettle, I will have to really start going through the paper for jobs related to computer programming. I may also try to get on line so as to utilize the internet in my search.

Shortly I will be going to the mall. While there I will withdraw \$40.00 from my account via an ATM. I will see how much cash I have in my account. If I have over \$500, I will call AMERICA ON LINE to join as soon as possible. It will be fun coming up with a code name. The only name to top Xentrich would be abraxas.

I sure would hate to be sent to jail. I am confident that my completion of the rehab program at Turning Point, along with my current participation with New Hope on Throckmorton Street will secure my status on PROBATION and keep me out of jail. While waiting to hear from Vocational Rehab of all I have to do is apply for jobs. I have a hard time getting without more TRAINING.

So what is at the heart of my Freehold
Raceway Mall blues? If I had a female
companion, I might be more enthusiastic.
I feel like such a reptile, such a
creepy geek so very comfortable in his Mom's
basement. The shadow lurks beneath my
skin. I want to be a free citizen but
I also want to cling to my antisocial thinking
patterns. I write in the safety of
my personal notebooks. I am god-like for
I know I can reach into future
generations, and yet, when I walk into
a public place I am merely
a little insect, a target for far away
laughter. I am hypersensitive with a
hypertrophied consciousness.

Perhaps computer programming
is a perfect career for me to
pursue as I am genuinely antisocial.
I am trying to describe how content
I am to crawl into this basement home
of mine, to put on my sweatpants,
kick off my boots, pour a bowl of
cereal and write. I write to an
inner presence that is with me always.

The inner presence knows how I feel
when I am walking alone through the mall,
always looking for a book or some music
that will speak to me directly.

I just couldn't find anything. What was I looking for? Am I not always looking for a book that will help me make some sense of my hostility towards reality? Am I not in search of something NON status quo? I get so sick and tired of the raw reality of lawyers, judges, cops, employers, etc. I want affirmation that this world is all fucked up, that up is down and low is high.

I see no sense in coming to terms with my anti-Semitism or in trying to mentally make peace with society. I am withdrawn.

I am mocked by the media every time it tries to sell happiness in a brand new car.

Is there no escape from such hostile feelings against society? I am

~~an~~ an intelligent man with great potential, and yet I harbor such anti-social hostility, such hatred for urban civilization. I just want to hide, to disappear.

All I am will surely be mocked. Would not the love of a good woman heal me? Why is it so difficult for me to heal myself?

[1930]

After the pre-sentence interview with Alice Lyons, which went fairly well, I walked to the Tank House to "clean up". I worked for about 4 hours. I was told that Jim Noe and Jim Wiles went through the house yesterday, and that Wiles was not pleased with the cat litter, the drums, and the car. The guy is a real dick head. Jim Noe is an asshole for trying to shine at my expense. I am so relieved not to have to take orders from either of them anymore!

Greg Wiles is not permitted to purchase my drums. The Tank House is being targeted for demolition. The State is going to bring the Tank House to the ground! I cleaned as much as I could before it started to rain. The winds were raging - and it was close to 60°F! Bill Allert drove me home. He and I have made our peace. It is eerie looking back at my last few weeks at work, how I rearranged the office. I went out with style and then proceeded to lose my mind. Everyone thought I had gone insane. I guess I had.

From the way Alice Lyons questioned me with great interest about "why I was so angry" on 7/14, I think people of Freehold are well aware

of the nature of my outbursts. I have no reason to fear I won't be put on probation on Jan. 23rd, and yet, because the Boss pigs get to comment - I do have a slight fear that I will be made out to look like a deranged lunatic, a menace to society. In a few minutes I will be going over to the Barnes and Noble. Most likely I will just read Anyon Christ. I will bring a pad and a pen, some sheets of scrap paper to jot down key terms. I am definitely on the right track. Schopenhauer is the grandfather of Jung's ideas. I, Michael William Hentrich, of Freehold New Jersey, here in Freehold since I was 4 years old, am a strong link in this intellectual chain.

"Philosophies develop deep in the back streets of dirty Jersey." I wonder if the people of the court house, my lawyer, and the rest of the folks in this little town really know who I am. How far have my pamphlets gone? I guess it matters not how many minds I reach, but what is vital is the cause and quality of my own intellectual development.

[2245] My mind is on fire between my fascination with Schopenhauer's philosophy still burning strong, my continued interest in Albert Ellis's psychology/philosophy, and my now more than ever determination to become a computer programmer. I am ready to once again teach myself C programming.

Even unemployed, or I should say especially unemployed, I have time for studies which I will be able to exercise my higher mental faculties.

- ① The philosophy of Schopenhauer
- current project re-read/study VOL 2 of WWR
- ② RET - Albert Ellis, (RRS)
- ③ C Programming

Also, I will continue to explore the secret life of Carl Jung as found in the new book called Aryan Christ. I took some notes on it while at the Barnes and Noble. As long as I continue my intellectual journey, I believe my daily struggles will be met with contentment. I only strive to meet my basic animal needs. My intellectual journey connects me to my ancestors. Here are some notes I took this evening from ARYAN CHRIST:

① Internalized Kingdom of Heaven is equivalent to the spiritual soil of Germanic ancestors, a Teutonic "Land of the Dead". The way to this kingdom of heaven is to have a psychological turn inward into subjective reality. (This is Schopenhauerian)

② Rather than "born again Christian", seek PAGAN REGENERATION.
note - Karl Jung, Carl Jung's grandfather had a criminal record (political).

There were other books of interest in the New Age section about spirit possession, about how alcohol abuse and drug abuse are symptoms of possession.

ANCESTOR POSSESSION is when one of our family from the Land of the Dead takes over our body. An ancestral presence peers out from my eyes. I ask the presence to make use of my brain so as to accomplish our "mission". It seems that I have the basic skills and intelligence necessary to write "software" (computer programs). I will find a place in "modern" civilization to "work".

01 12 MO [1330] I slept until noon (again). I felt no guilt. What reason do I have to force myself out of slumber? By my second mug of coffee I was looking through the classifieds for work. The only avenue I found practical is a job in telecommunications that offered to train.

I am going to look on the internet to find out exactly what telecommunications involves. I am not at all depressed about being unemployed. I am surviving. The part came in at the VW dealer. I may walk over there to pay for the part, then I will install it in my VW over at my sister's house.

I am running out of cash fast. I did not receive my unemployment check yet. I should receive \$250.00 this week.

I received a letter from Rashi. He tells me that my condition is my reality, and that I must be my own best friend. He also told me that my letter was "exceptionally well written, clear and poetic. It's the best thing you've done."

He goes on "And yes, I can see now more than ever that you must continue your schooling. You have the kind of mind that will never be still, and which deserves to continue to grow."

He just went through a divorce and his father died.
Lastly, "And by the way. I hope you are
continuing to keep a journal, Mike. Listen to
what I am about to say: "There's no
reason why you can't write a book about
your experiences. Your perspective is unique,
your dues have been (and are)
genuinely paid, and I think what you
have gone through is worth writing about,
because there are many people who
would find an interest in what you
have to say. Think about it.
Keeping a journal is what writers do.
Go read some Ed Abbey."

Needless to say, this letter inspires me.
On days when I do "NOTHING" but write
in my journal, I am being true
to myself. I am doing what
writers do. My perspective is unique,
and many people would find an
interest in what I have to
say.

HEY, LISTEN TO ME!

I think I would call my first BOOK,

SPEAK!

Would I write in the
form of a novel or just a run on monologue?
SPEAK! (Excerpts From My Journals) by Mike Hentrich

21/10
[2130] I informed my counselor from New Hope, Doug Schultz, that I was to be sentenced on January 23rd. He ~~did~~ ^{took} a urine sample from me, handwrote a letter stating that I was an asset to the group, that I took his advice in getting psychiatric help, and that the result of the urinalysis was _____. He will have the letter typed up for me by next Tuesday before the court date.

One thing disturbed me a little about what he told me when I was leaving, after I thanked him for directing me to Outpatient Mental Health at Central State. He said that he thought I would be "JAILBOUND" if I ever stopped taking my medication, that I was "a nice guy and everything", BUT he has a sense about me, that I really need help. What does this mean? Is he intimidated by me somehow? Does he put himself in my shoes and know he would be deviant and psychopathic? Does he see me as the classic frustrated genius?

This makes me take a look at myself. How do others see me, as a close minded egomaniac? I just don't care how they see me. That new secretary was hot - she reminds me of Jenn from the Santa Fe.

I am flattered to be seen as one who would be jail bound if he stopped taking his psychiatric medication. This means I am stable only because of lithium, medication imbued at 1200 mgs per day, every day or else I become UNSTABLE PHENOMENA. This is an antidote to the "holier than thou" syndrome that so many "recovered people" go through.

I voiced my opinion in group tonight. When Doug Shultz asked me if I had gotten a sponsor yet, I said NO. When he put me on the spot with, "Why not?"

I told him straight out, "Because I want to avoid a confrontation. I have no intentions of doing any steps. I refuse to have someone else do my thinking for me."

I am a PISTOL. I am a stubborn Kraut. I think my challenging him like that let him see that I was going to make these bullshit sessions of his much more interesting, much more focused on the real issues of abstinence and problem solving. So much for that. How could I be anything but my true self? I have lost no respect for myself even after losing the job/house with the State. It is just as well I am no longer a "government employee" / state slave. People just don't realize who I really am. I am more than what I seem, ~~but~~ I hate to be a slave!
AND